

WOMAN'S PAGE



"JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE."

Miss Marietta Holly Paid \$80,000 for Her Books.

New York, July 8.—Despite the popular fallacy that women are wanting in humor, one of, if not the best, paid laugh-makers in the United States is "Josiah Allen's Wife."

More copies of "Samantha at Saratoga" have been sold than of any single work of Mark Twain's. Almost a quarter of a century has passed since "My Opinions and Betsy Bobbitt" revised the minds of the American public and founded the literary fortune of its author, Miss Marietta Holly. Woman's rights was not popular in the early nineties. Nevertheless "Josiah Allen's Wife" put her shoulder blades to the wheel, the great "Fublick Wheel" a rolling stone, drawing the Feminine Revolution into Liberty.

In the homely humor, the caustic wit and the subtle sarcasm of "Samantha at Saratoga," the vine-clinging rhymed of Betsy Bobbitt (who is not without a counterpart in the fine de siècle nation, told in the north country dialect, Marietta Holly, to quote Frances Winard, has done more for the enlightenment of "Woman than platform agitators."

"My Opinions and Betsy Bobbitt" was republished in England, and has made its way into all parts of the world. "Samantha at Saratoga" is a vital creation, in the way of a classic, a dramatic version made by Miss Holly has been played in schools and churches for the past ten years. Not far from the character into one of the most popular plays, paying Miss Holly a royalty of \$800 per week. It is still a favorite with public readers and stage performers.

"I can tell you come to write it?" was asked Miss Holly. "I am a specimen of my work," said Miss Holly, "poems, essays and dialect stories, which had been printed in country papers and Peterson's Magazine, to a publisher. He liked the dialect stories, and proposed that I should write a book in dialect and he would publish it. If it hadn't been for that publisher I would never have had the courage to undertake a book. I was a year writing 'My Opinions and Betsy Bobbitt'—the latter name, by the way, was a typographical error. In the original manuscript I had written 'Fublick'."

"I put," said Miss Holly, "everything I knew into that book." "Samantha at Saratoga," said Miss Holly, "was written in Paris, Saratoga, N. Y. The 'Fublick' was written in the United States, they have been heralded as literary events, they have continued to command enormous sales. Within the past few years one publisher has sold several hundred copies of 'My Opinions and Betsy Bobbitt' as high as \$12,000 each. Payment for a single manuscript. Most of her dialect books sell by subscription. 'Many people have a wrong impression of my books,' observed Miss Holly. "They are disposed to treat them superficially. They are not books written merely for money, but with a more earnest desire to do good." "Samantha at Saratoga" is virtually Miss Holly.

It radiates from every feature of her handsome face, crowned with beautiful white hair that emphasizes the symmetry of dark, velvety eyes. Here is a wholesome, inspiring presence. She is an interesting, suggestive talker, with a fascinating little lip not wholly free from the north country dialect. Born and reared in Jefferson county, New York State, she has been a housekeeper, a teacher, a nurse, a mother, a sister and a little girl. Miss Holly has adopted the stables of "Betsy Bobbitt" are well stocked, and afterwards the address may be met spinning over the splendid country roads in vehicles of various styles.

Miss Holly's study is in the second story. A large, sunny room, abounding in book-cases hidden behind doors and imbedded in side walls of the broad chimney-piece, notwithstanding that she has long since outlived the necessity to write. Miss Holly continues the methodical industry of earlier years. Her working hours are from 9 until 12 in the morning. She sits down in her study a rough outline of the copy she desires to make, then she mounts to the lower reading room, where the work is completed.

Readers of "Samantha at Saratoga" at the Centennial, Paris and the World's Fair will be surprised to learn that Miss Holly did not attend the Centennial, has never been to Paris and did not go to Chicago to see the publication of "Samantha at Saratoga" at the World's Fair. To each of these volumes she gave a year's study. Supplied with maps and documents, so accurate and thorough was her knowledge of the local life that she has frequently had the pleasure of correcting friends who were in personal attendance.

Forty thousand copies of "Samantha at the World's Fair" were sold during the exposition.

"Josiah Allen's Wife" is extremely popular. It was a model teacher in her childhood, and has written musical compositions. Her essentially poetic temperament finds expression on the organ. A piano and an extensive collection of musical cylinders recording some of the most famous voices and instrumentalists which

musical machines reproduce, equities her to give diversified musical entertainment to the interesting guests always to be found at Bonaventure. Thither come annually Bishop and Mrs. Newman and Miss Clara Barton.

Miss Holly spends a part of her winters in New York. She dresses well, lives in supreme comfort and cultivates the best of everything. Despite the success that so royally covered her pen labors, however, she has, like George Eliot, Raphael and scores of other mortals, a grievance. The great public she has helped to drive did care away by her laugh-provoking wit and wisdom, refuses to turn from her dialect to her poems.

Only choice spirits take her seriously as a poet. "I have read thy poems with great satisfaction," wrote the gentle Whittier. "Thy poem, 'The Deacon's Daughter,' I read with most eyes. It's perfect, and it does not, by any means, stand alone in the volume."

TRAGEDY OF A COMPLEXION.

Experience of One Who Lost Beauty While Seeking to Enhance It.

New York, July 10.—My pretty neighbor is in despair. She has naturally one of the finest complexions, clear as wax, and the softly shaded color of a Götterkind. It is a color that glows and goes with feeling, freshness and fatigue, giving one an irresistible sympathy with her sensitiveness. But she is past twenty-five, we will say, and her pretty color is gone for days together, faint lines gather about the eyes and corners of the lips, only to be seen in a strong light, to be sure, and vanishing after a good rest and fresh air. But the way things are put up in modern life, rest and fresh air are exactly the things most difficult to secure, so the lines in her face deepen, and a huge like old ivory creeps under the skin, with faint yellow shadows about the temples, worse than freckles.

My neighbor attacked these evils with spirit. There is hardly a complexion recipe in the paper she has not tried, hardly a specialist whose advice she has not asked. I do not say she has taken the advice or followed all the recipes; if she had she might have no skin left to improve. As it is, with bichloride lotions and various pastes, her face is losing its freshness, and if the truth is insisted upon, her skin is not so much velvety as plummy in a sick light. She has taken to wearing bouffant and veil every hour possible, even receiving visitors in the parlor with them on, and that tight little mask veil is hardly lifted from 10 o'clock in the morning until she goes to lunch. At theaters she buries her face in the ears in a deep cushion ruff—chiffon, kind property of the passer. Pshaw, did I say? Let us use a kinder phrase—"des belles amees," for, shadowy moth patches and delicate down on the petal notwithstanding, my neighbor is more charming with every season. Her cheeks are told with a better redness and more petal, she grows more sympathetic and lets others talk more of themselves than she used; her taste in books and plays improves, not to mention her gowns, her note paper and her rooms.

"What shall I do about it?" she demands tragically. And in the same breath, "What haven't I done?" She took steam, baths for the face and caught cold in the eyes afterward. She tried a famous cream, and went to sleep with her face sticky under a compound like white lead paint and silver drips strip tightly for three weeks. The oil and glycerine soaked into the skin, the pores enlarged and the sticky paste made her so nervous she gave the rest away to her maid, whose maid, dressed by warts, rustic notes, fish ponds and luxuriant flower plants. The house, which commands a fine view of the surrounding country, with plants of Lake Ontario, is replete with the comforts and luxuries inseparable from good taste and a generous purse. The face, which was a handsome woman, on the site of the old bonneted, on the old coast road between Pierpont Manor and Adams, she has reared by her pen "Bonnieview," a handsome Queen Anne of more than twenty rooms, in the midst of acres of woodland, diversified by warts, rustic notes, fish ponds and luxuriant flower plants. The house, which commands a fine view of the surrounding country, with plants of Lake Ontario, is replete with the comforts and luxuries inseparable from good taste and a generous purse.

Then my neighbor put on her last year's bonnet and wrap, tied on a thick dotted veil and went to the neighborhood street specialists, coming home with a lot of boxes and 50 cents change out of a \$10 bill. One took a pot which contained four ounces apparently of potato soup, which she reverently applied. In a week's time a border of the new pimples appeared around the edge of cheeks and throat, where the secretions exuded on the edge of the grease which sealed them. The pug dog was caught trying to eat some of the pomade off the toilet saucers, and the French chambermaid carried the rest down to the cook, who used everything she can get for her hands, cracked with being much in hot water. Benzoated lard at \$1 an ounce or kidney mutton fat is all the same to her. She does not know that telling the hands before she puts them in water, wearing gloves about work and washing the vegetables with a wire whisk would keep her hands soft better than all the vaunted massagers at her next turn.

The massagers at her next turn, at \$5, \$3 and \$1 a sitting, for my neighbor was in a hurry to get it. My friend declares that she found one treatment did her just as much good as another. The lady reporters say it is worth the cost to take a high-priced treatment any day for the fantastic information you get. It's a pity that so much of the special information gained this way is much too personal to print by managing editors having a just regard for the laws of life.

Tragic enough was the experience of a London lady with a specialist, told in a British medical journal a few years since.

Imagine a elegant little woman, modeled after the Duchess's airy heroines, a widow under thirty, well left in fortune,

well dressed, well cared for by family doctor, solicitor and dentist, going to each in turn with the extreme regularity of the well-bred British nation. She anticipated a brilliant season as her widowhood waned, and spared no expense to put herself in the best trim of toilet and looks. The family doctor, an excellent ingenuer, told her to use a soap which he perfectly made, strong and well-seasoned, but anything less than perfection in cold bouillon makes it a hissing and an abomination. Alas! she took many defects in a soap which the absence of it proclaimed to be nothing but "wash." Cream of clams may be served not more than lukewarm, and yet be palatable. The strong clam broth is made into a smooth,

A SUMMER NIGHT'S TALE.

When entertaining on stifling summer nights the imagination shrinks from offering to languid guests any hot or heavy food, and something at once cold and delectable is the desire of every housekeeper. Analogies on toast is stimulating to the appetite, and creates no heat, and so may form an excellent beginning. Cold bouillon is as good as soup if perfectly made, strong and well-seasoned, but anything less than perfection in cold bouillon makes it a hissing and an abomination. Alas! she took many defects in a soap which the absence of it proclaimed to be nothing but "wash." Cream of clams may be served not more than lukewarm, and yet be palatable. The strong clam broth is made into a smooth,



THE TENNIS GIRL.

would hardly dismiss a patient at her first call in less than fifteen minutes.

The lotion worked beautifully, leaving the lovely net skin which women rave over and hygienists do not find so attractive, for underlying reasons. November saw the beginning of sleepless nights, lost appetite and hands which trembled so visibly that friends noticed it. Worse yet, the shapely round arms began to break out in boils. Fanny a Duchess's heroine, with looks on her arms! Before Christmas facial neuralgia and general miseries of condition sent Mrs. K. to the doctor. The doctor sent her to the dentist, who found her teeth loose in their sockets, gums swollen and creamy gatherings about their roots. A nice state of things for a lady! He pulled two teeth to relieve her neuralgia, but found them perfectly sound, upon which he suggested that her condition was due to blood poisoning. Salvation began, and after New Year abscesses contributed to the "Twelfth Night" festivities. Two more faultless teeth were drawn, both healthy. Since the 27th of December there has been constant pain in the upper and lower jaws, acute, throbbing, maddening pain, under which she fainted twice during the necessary examination. Doctor and dentist were at her side over the case. In four or five days of private and hospital practice the physician declared he had never seen such persistent and intolerable pain. The inflammation spread, and the removal of the most sensitive teeth, January 23, probably saved the poor lady from necrosis of the jaw. You don't know in the least what that is, my dear madam, and heaven send that neither you nor I may ever know more of that dreadful disorder than its name.

February 4 the patient's sister happened to see the doctor, and mentioned for the first time that Mrs. K. had been using a lotion for her complexion since October. A bottle was left with the doctor to analyze. He took it to the British Medical Association, whose chemist found in it only about four times as much bichloride of mercury as a doctor would dare to prescribe in critical ailments and eight times the amount which had caused death in susceptible cases. Sponging her face with this strong solution three times

rich cream by the addition of enough cornstarch to hold the bichloride and cream in sweet and intimate union. Take a fish (the fish, like Mrs. Glasse's hare of famous memory, "must first be caught") and laying it in a beautiful white shroud of clean linen consign it to the fiery martyrdom of the fish kettle until it is quite boiled, but will valiantly able to hold its corporate form and outline intact. Lay the cold remains in a fair bed of porcelain, strewn thick with crisp green-white leaves of curly lettuce, and heap upon it a mound of sweeto yellow macaroni, whose elements are so compounded that no one ingredient thrusts itself rashly upon the palate, but each basilifully does its emollient and tasteful share.

By the time this third course is reached cool and pleasant food, mild, pale wines, led to attic pitch and a share of your consideration as a hostess and caterer have soothed the native heart and consequent suspicious distrust of the guests that it becomes safe to administer a hot dish. Not a very hot one nor a very heavy one. Mushrooms, we will suppose mushrooms which have been slowly cooked under glass, so that not one whiff of aroma, one grace of flavor, has been wasted on the vulgar kitchen air or the cook's unappreciative nose. Gently laid along this primrose or better mushroom—path, there will be no resentment displayed upon the appearance of a blushing strip of flit, swimming sweetly in its own juice.

Instead of the greasy little proletarian squabs to which these summer night diners had resigned themselves as the only form of game discernable by the dull intelligence of the average host, their eyes, with grateful surprise at the appearance of the neatly trimmed breasts of young chickens, nibbled of all intrusive accessories of legs and wings and grilled as delicately as a bit of French toast.

A raspberry ice follows for the women, but the men, with this pink frivolity, dreaming of nobler things to come, and this fine confidence is rewarded with a maelstrom cream—a smooth, cold joy to the masculine palate. Then fruit, then coffee, then tobacco, and later one by one the guests embrace the host with grateful appreciation and depart to happy digestive slumbers.

THE THOROUGHBREDED CYCLIST.

The Wrist as a Propeller—Correct Position and Ankle Motion.

Thousands join the ranks of the cyclist every year. Many are women, who enter into the sport enthusiastically. The majority ride for one, two, three months sometimes even a year, finally discarding the wheel because "it makes them so tired." Few realize that they have not learned to ride correctly, and therefore make a heavy burden of what should be a pleasure.

Healthful reasons aside, from an artistic point of view a woman should ride properly if she will at all. Unless she attains a correct and carries herself well, the most natty gown is unbecoming and the prettiest girl a perfect nightmare. Style is what the woman cyclist needs. To secure it she must have photographed upon her mind a vivid picture of herself as she would have others see her—must have a thorough knowledge of both wheel and rider, and give careful attention to those details so highly appreciated by the well-groomed girl.

First of all, a suitable costume should be provided. Nothing is more fatal to good form than the long skirts and petticoats which the novice wears—petticoats through a mistaken idea of modesty. In reality, even bloomers are less immodest than the involuntary display often made by the beginner in her efforts to keep the wheel and

the ankle should drop. Yet this change is not very slight—just perceptible enough to give a graceful movement to the foot. Of all horrors, don't be guilty of falling into the habit of letting the ankle drop when the pedal is down; nothing appears more clumsy.

Regarding position—as suggested above, the body should be at right angles with the saddle, the arms thrown straight ahead, the hands clasping the handle-bar, the shoulders back, the head erect. This position divides the weight equally between the saddle, handle-bar and pedals, enabling the rider to make use of all the available force.

Although overlooked by the average rider, there is a world of force in the wrist which ought not to be allowed to lie dormant. Don't handle your bar daintily, as though you considered it a useless appendage. It is there for a purpose, and that purpose is to help you get over the ground. Clasp your hands over the bar as though you wished to push it ahead of you; this will have the two-fold result of helping you to sit up properly and of doing part of the work usually thrown upon the ankles. Of course it is unnecessary to tell you to pull toward you, so as to get additional force on the down stroke of the pedal, when going up hill.

If you live in a great city learn to ride slowly. Much more important than quick riding is the ability to pick your way through a crowded thoroughfare. It saves many a fall and enables the rider to both keep her head and dismount quickly.

Above all, remember that the watchword

THE HOUSEHOLD CHEMIST.

Using Fresh Fruits for Flavoring Extracts, Cordials and Brandy.

How many housekeepers have ever used blackberries as a flavoring? They are the direct use of the fresh fruit, but by means of an extract that can be kept the year around.

Probably there are comparatively few who know what palatable flavoring can be accomplished with extract of blackberries. This extract can be easily prepared by the veriest novice who will closely adhere to the following directions:

Weigh out exactly one pound of the fruit and place in a preserve jar. Care must be taken that they are ripe, juicy and of the best flavor. Over this mass pour six ounces of 95 per cent alcohol. Now seal the jar, as in preserving. Let the jar stand two days, or better still, three. Shake well three or four times each day.

On the second or third day unscrew the jar and throw the extract into a muslin strainer. Strain carefully until all the fluid has passed through. Next gradually pass water through the strainer, letting it trickle through the fruit pulp until an exact pint of extract is all has been obtained. If the directions are carefully followed, failure is impossible. The extract, if kept tightly stoppered, will remain good the year around.

Take pains to see that none of the fine seed of this fruit gets through the strainer. Owing to the presence of alcohol, it is well to remember that this extract, as well as all others, are to be bottled and stoppered as quickly as possible after making. Is the flavor of elderberries pleasing to the family palate? If so, a very strong extract may be made if the elderberries used are of the best, by following the same proportions given in the preceding recipe.

Here is the simplest, and at the same time the best, way to make "tutti frutti" extract. In a preserve jar put one ounce of crushed plum, one ounce of crushed stone. To this add four ounces of crushed raspberries. Two ounces of crushed blackberries should then be added to the jar, stirring the contents together with each addition of ingredients. Next, put in four ounces of crushed strawberries and two ounces of crushed cherries. Last of all, add exactly three ounces of finely grated pineapple.

Finally, stir until the fruits are indiscriminately mixed, and then add six ounces of 95 per cent alcohol. Seal the jar and let stand for from four to seven or ten hours, with occasional shaking, after which strain, adding water through the strainer to make an even pint of extract.

In all of the above recipes, care will be needed in crushing or grating the fruits. It must be done without loss of any of the juice that comes oozing out of the pulp. See that every drop of juice goes into the jar along with the pulp, and the result will be an extract of the greatest possible concentration.

Another great essential is that none of the fruit be lost while straining. The fine liquid to come through the strainer is naturally the most concentrated part of the extract. If the muslin bag used for straining is too large, some of the fluid is liable to be spilled outside of the receptacle.

To avoid this loss of strength is a very simple matter. Before stitching up the bag, cut it tapering, so that the closed end through which the fluid drips is almost as small as the neck of a funnel. Before adding any water through the strainer, it will be necessary to squeeze the bag tightly enough to express all the remaining juice and alcohol that can be passed through in this manner. The remaining water that passes through the strainer to make up the even pint should carry with it the last trace of flavor that lingers in the pulp.

Cherry brandy is an esteemed medicine in many homes. Here is a simple way of making a bottled in less than five minutes. To thirteen ounces of good brandy add three ounces of the cherry extract. Shake them well together and add just one ounce of granulated sugar. Shake again until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved. Cork the bottle tightly, and when cherry brandy is wanted the article will be found to be excellent.

Blackberry brandy. This may be made in the same way, taking four ounces of blackberry extract, twelve ounces of good brandy and one ounce of granulated sugar.

To make good blackberry cordial is quite as easy. Take of some standard extract of native fruit, five pounds of extract of cloves three teaspoonfuls and of extract of cinnamon five teaspoonfuls. Mix these well together and add to it exactly eight ounces of the homemade extract of blackberry. This mixture should be thoroughly shaken, adding the last ingredient of all, which is seven ounces of simple syrup. The syrup, as stated in the last article, is made by dissolving about a pound and a quarter of white sugar in a pint of boiling water and straining.

WRITERS AS RACONTEURS.

It is a singular fact that whereas actors are almost invariably good raconteurs, story writers are seldom good story-tellers. Complacencies among the exceptions to this rule is David Christie Murray, whose friends delight in his practically unlimited fund of good stories, ranging from the convoluted, funny to the surprising, awe-inspiring. He is keenly anxious to "atmosphere," and he tells his best stories of a winter night while standing near a blazing open fire leaning upon the mantel and gazing at the flickering flames, as if for inspiration. There he will stand unweary for hours, unbroken by a yawn, as "Tell us another, Mr. Murray," is heard again and again.

T. Russell Sullivan, author of "Nero," the drama in which Richard Mansfield does some of his best work, is another clever story-teller. He is at his best as the favorite haunt of the Tavern Club, of Boston, of which he is a most popular member.

James Whitcomb Riley tells a story well. He, like Mr. Sullivan, has a serious manner in the recital of the most amusing anecdote, but only deepens the fun. He rarely appears in the role, however, except in a small circle of intimates, and his talent as a raconteur is unknown to many.

Among well-known women who write, the story teller's gift is not frequent. Mary Winton has a fine fund of humor that occasionally manifests itself in the telling of a funny or spry story.

Maud Howe Elliott is a brilliant talker and a very clever raconteuse, and her stories are told with a vivacity and dramatic expression that add greatly to their effect.

Louise Chandler Moulton has a wonderful store of anecdotes from her own wide experience in the best literary society of England and America, and although not strictly a "story-teller," her conversation is full of delightful color from the merry and piquant way in which reminiscences flow.

Frances Hodgson Burnett resembles Mrs. Moulton in these characteristics. Louise Ingouphen Guiney—or "Lou"—as her friends call her—is fond of stories, on the occasion, and tells them well.

A Striking Resemblance.

She—I do so love the sea. He—I reminds me of myself. "How ridiculously egotistical." "No, it is a sad fact. Just look at those waves—they come in with a great roll and so break when they hit the shore. So do I."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FRUIT AND THE COMPLEXION.

Each year people grow to appreciate more fully the value of fruit, and eat it not as a luxury but as a staple article of food. Fruits are nourishing, refreshing, appetizing and purifying, and consequently have effect upon the health and the complexion. Yet there are differences. Grapes and apples are highly nutritious. Grapes usually agree with the most delicate persons, for they are so easily digested. Nothing is easier to digest than a baked apple taken either with or without cream. Oranges, lemons and limes are of great value as a means of improving the complexion, and they are especially good if taken before breakfast. Ripe peaches are easy of digestion and are fattening. Nothing is better to enrich the blood than strawberries, which contain a larger percentage of iron than any other fruit. Fruit with firm flesh, like apples, cherries or plums, should be thoroughly masticated, otherwise they are difficult to digest. The skin of raw fruit should never be eaten, and before eating grapes or any small fruit care should be taken to remove all impurities by washing. Never swallow grape stones. Stale fruit and corrupt fruit should never be eaten, and very acid fruit should not be taken with fattening foods unless the person has vigorous digestion.

A Mosquito Antidote.

This is the season of the year when everybody should be reminded that mosquitoes are death to mosquitoes. It is well known that the pests breed in stagnant water, rain-water barrels, and any receptacle that has water left in it undisturbed for a week or two. Pour kerosene in the water, where it may be found, and let it form a thin film over the surface. Eggs, larvae, pupae and full-grown mosquitoes will all be killed.—Boston Globe.